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Why Santa Claus Comes in December

A Christmas Play for Ten Girls
—and Five Boys—

Ages from 10 to 15 Years

By ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL

PRICE, 10 CENTS

FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE

528 Elm Street
Cincinnati, O.

41-43 Bible House
New York

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CHARACTERS.

OLIVE,
BULAH,
LAURA, } .....Ordinary girls

MONTH FAIRIES.

JANUARY .....Girl
FEBRUARY .....Very small girl
MARCH .....Girl
APRIL .....Boy
MAY .....Girl
JUNE .....Girl
JULY .....Boy
AUGUST .....Boy
SEPTEMBER .....Girl
OCTOBER .....Girl
NOVEMBER .....Boy
DECEMBER .....Bright, happy little lad

SANTA CLAUS.

SUGGESTIONS.

Suitable expressions and gestures should be given the month fairies for their recitations. After speaking they may form pretty groups (according to seasons) on each side of the platform. Keep the center clear for those who follow to enter and recite.

The finish is left to the decision of the director. If music is not desired, the play might end after the three "Hurrahs" have been given. Santa should enter promptly.

Santa should appear as indicated at the last line of the fairies' chorus, and he may then conduct the exercises of merrymaking, indulging in becoming hilarity, distributing presents, etc.

NOTE.—If the director does not desire to introduce Santa as a final to the play, the song may end it, in which case, of course, no change of chorus is necessary after the fourth stanza.

COSTUMES.

LAURA, BULAH AND OLIVE. Ordinary dress. Laura carrying a bright horn.

JANUARY. Coat and furs, and carry wreath lettered with "Happy New Year."

FEBRUARY. White fur, with tinsel trimming.

MARCH. Hair and dress stand out as if blown by the wind. Veil around hair.

APRIL. Carry open umbrella. Wear rubber boots, hat and coat.

MAY. White, trimmed with flowers. Carry parasol.

JUNE. Apron and sunbonnet, bare feet, and carry little suitcase.

JULY. Red, white and blue outfit. Carry flag, rockets, etc.

AUGUST. Bathing suit, bare feet. Carry big fan.

SEPTEMBER. School dress. Carry books and slate.

OCTOBER. Red, gold and brown should be used in this dress. Carry big bunch of leaves.

NOVEMBER. An imitation turkey on a platter may be secured to carry in one hand, and a pumpkin under one arm.

DECEMBER. Usual Santa outfit.

SCENERY.

No special scenery is required. An ordinary, roomy platform, with three small chairs for Laura, Bulah and Olive.

Why Santa Claus Comes in December

(*Scene*—An interior. Bulah and Olive rocking and talking. Bulah mending a stocking. Olive holding an old doll.)

OLIVE. Say, Bulah, why are you sitting there mending stockings when it's so near Christmas, and we've got so much else to think about?

BULAH. That's just the reason I'm mending, just because it's so near Christmas.

OLIVE. What on earth has mending an old stocking got to do with Christmas?

BULAH. Well, it's this way. I hunted around in the stocking basket until I found the longest one. Then I saw it had a hole in the toe, so I'm mending it, so as to be ready for to-night.

OLIVE. But Santa will know that's not *your* stocking, and he won't leave anything if you play a trick like that.

BULAH. Yes, but you see I'm going to hang up *two*. Mine for *me*, and this long one *(holding up stocking)* for poor Ella, our washerwoman's little girl. Santa didn't come to see her at all last year, and I was afraid he might miss her this time. So I'm going to pin a note to this stocking and ask Santa to leave Ella a good share this year. He might pass by Ella's house; but when he comes in here, he'll find her stocking all ready and waiting, and I'm sure he'll not refuse to fill it.

OLIVE. Oh, how sweet of you to think of it! I believe I'll run right home and get one ready for the little girl that sits back of me in school. She is so poor.

BULAH *(as Olive is about to leave).* Wait a minute and *I'll* get you a stocking. Tell me first why you are holding that old doll so closely?

OLIVE. Well, I thought I'd be extra good to Dolly to-day, as I know she'll be neglected after I get my new one to-morrow—

(Enter Laura, breathlessly exclaiming:)

LAURA. Oh, girls! Here you are! What do you think? I just saw a fairy—a Christmas fairy!

OLIVE. Where?

BULAH. What do you mean?

LAURA. See this horn? This is what she gave me. *(Holds up horn.)*

OLIVE AND BULAH. Tell us about it.

LAURA. Well, I was sitting all curled up in the old arm chair, thinking about Christmas, and toys, and dear old Santa, and lots of other nice things. Then I thought, why is it Santa can't come twice or three times a year? I said out loud: "Why did Santa choose December, anyway? It seems so long to wait." Just then a little fairy, all in white, stepped up to my chair and said: "A long, long time ago, when Santa decided to make us a visit, he started out the first of the year, and made a trip, or *started* one, each month after that, but something always happened to stop him, and he never got to make the rounds till December. If you wish to know a little of Santa's disappointments that year, take this magic horn and blow twelve times, and the fairy for

each month will come and tell you its story." I started up to speak, but she was gone. Do you think it was a dream, girls? *(rubbing her eyes).*

BULAH. I've heard of fairies being around at Christmas time.

OLIVE. If that's the horn she gave you, why not try it and see if it *was* all a dream?

LAURA *(seating herself).* Sure enough, I'll try it and see. *(Blows long note on the horn, and January steps in promptly, bowing and smiling, and recites, amid the surprised looks of the girls.)*

JANUARY—

My name is January,
I bring the ice and snow;
I'll tell you how Kriss tried to come
A long, long time ago.
He came to pay a visit,
But found, on landing here,
That every one went calling
The first day of the year. *(Holds up wreath.)*
"Well, it's no use," he whispered,
"I guess I'll turn about;
I can't spoil New Year's pleasures,
I see I'm counted out.
One holiday's a plenty
For Jan-ny, anyway.
I'll just go home, and try my luck
Some February day."

LAURA. See, it wasn't a dream, after all!

BULAH. How dandy!

OLIVE. Blow again and see what happens. *(January*

steps to the side, as Laura blows another note, and February enters.)

FEBRUARY—

I'm just a tiny fairy,
My name is February;
I came with snowy flurry,
And left in quite a hurry.
In fact, I was so small
Kriss couldn't make a call.
I came and went so fast
He didn't know I'd passed.
That's how *I* came to miss
Glad Xmas Day and Kriss.

BULAH. What a dear little fairy!

OLIVE. What makes it so small?

LAURA.—Why, it only has twenty-eight days, of course. *(Blows again as February steps near January. Enter March.)*

MARCH—

I'll tell you a queer little story,
How Santa Claus tried to come
In March, to pay us a visit,
Away from his far-off home.
I blew up a terrible wind storm,
Not knowing Kriss started that day;
I blew paper dolls, little baskets,
And many bright toys from his sleigh.
So Kriss got so tired and disgusted
He said: "Well, alas and alack!
These March days shall never claim Christmas,
I'll just turn around and go back."

BULAH *(as March steps aside)*. Dear me, but Santa did have an awful time!

LAURA. Maybe April will treat him better. *(Blows. Enter April.)*

APRIL *(with mirth)*—

I am called the "Month of Showers,"
And I'll tell the way
I played quite a joke on Santa
One fine April day.
He had started on his journey,
"Spick and span" and dry;
All at once I sent a black cloud
Sailing 'cross the sky.
Soon the rain fell fast and faster,
Soaked Kriss through and through;
Home he went and said, for Christmas
I would *never* do.

OLIVE. What a jolly little fellow! *(as April retires amid the smiles of the girls)*.

LAURA. Yes, but that was a mean way to treat Santa. I'm sure May will do better. *(Blows, and May enters, smiling and skipping.)*

MAY—

I'll tell you now without delay
How Santa tried to come one May,
And learned each child had gone to stray
Through wood and vale that sunny day.
And then poor Kriss was heard to say:
"This is no place for me to stay,
Mid Maypole dance and flowers gay."
And so he took his homeward way,

And left my pretty month of May
Without the longed-for Christmas Day.
(Bows and skips to one side.)

BULAH. Well, I thought sure Santa could make the rounds in May. How disappointed he must have been!

OLIVE *(to May)*. Well, you're a dear little fairy, anyway. *(To Laura.)* Do blow again and hear from June. *(Laura blows, and June enters promptly.)*

JUNE—

Kriss tried to come one day in June,
But found, to his alarm,
The children all were packing up
To go to grandpa's farm.
Vacation days had come at last,
And they were glad to go.
So Kriss went back and said, in *June*
He'd *never* stand a show.
So that's why Christmas Day don't fall
In my month, don't you know.
(June retires.)

BULAH. Dear me, I just feel so sorry for Santa. It just seems that nobody wanted him at all.

OLIVE. I wish I'd been here then. I'd just have dropped everything and received him with open arms.

LAURA. Here comes July. *(Blows horn, and July enters noisily.)*

JULY *(with spirit and mirth)*—

I have to laugh, ha-ha! ha-ha!
The trick I played on Kriss;
'Twas on the jolly Fourth, you know,

And happened just like this.
I shot bright rockets in the air,
Great cannon went *boom-bah!*
And all the children standing round
Joined in one loud Hurrah!
I sent Kriss home most scared to death,
And vowing ne'er to try
To make his Christmas calls again
In noisy old July.

(July retires.)

OLIVE *(shaking her finger at July).* That was another very naughty trick to play on dear Santa. *(To Laura.)* Please hurry, Laura, and blow for August. *(Laura blows, and August enters.)*

AUGUST *(fanning vigorously)*—

I am "August—Forget-me-not."
You *can't,* if you *would,* my days are so hot.
Kriss thought he would try *me,* alas and alack!
He had so much trouble he had to go back.
I softened the candy, the chocolates and all,
I melted the wax on the face of the doll;
I faded the color of everything dark,
I blistered the paint on the big Noah's ark.
I withered and dried up the bright Christmas tree,
Then Santa Claus said: "This is no time for me."
So, being so *warm, I* lost out, don't you see?

(August retires.)

OLIVE. I'd just like to shake those naughty fellows. How could they do it? And I guess Santa took it good naturedly all the time.

LAURA. Perhaps September did better. Let us see. *(Blows horn, and September enters.)*

SEPTEMBER—

I'm September, mild and pleasant,
  Busy days I bring to all,
And especially little children,
  Who must answer to my call.
"Come to school, vacation's over,"
  This I whisper in each ear,
And I bring them to the teachers
  By the hundreds every year.
That's the way Kriss Kringle found them,
  For they all had gone to school.
Then he said: "I'll not disturb them,
  They must learn to keep the rule."

(September retires.)

BULAH. Well, that little fairy is not so bad, after all. Then I guess Santa prefers work before play at all times. But I can't see why he couldn't come in October.

OLIVE. Blow quick, Laura, and see what October tells. *(Laura blows horn, and October enters.)*

OCTOBER—

You know I'm the fairy October,
  My dress is of gold, red and brown;
I paint all the leaves of the forest,
  And bring fruit and nuts to the ground.
So when Kriss decided to try *me*,
  He found all the children away.
On gay nutting parties they wandered,
  Through wood and through forest that day;
So Kriss said: "I think I'll be going,
  Next month will be better, I ween."
So never again in October
  Was jolly old Santa Claus seen.

(October retires.)

BULAH. Well, did you ever? As I said before, it just seems that no one had time for poor Santa those days.

OLIVE *(impulsively)*. I think I know what would keep him from coming in November.

LAURA. I believe I can guess, too. Let's try and see if we are right. *(Blows horn, and November enters.)*

NOVEMBER—

When the wind blows cold and chilly,
  When the turkey shakes with fear,
When the frost is on the pumpkin,
  Then November days are here.
And I bring you full and plenty,
  You are grateful, too, I know,
For at church you all assemble,
  Praise and thankfulness to show.
Well, one bright Thanksgiving morning
  Kriss came driving through the air,
Found the folks all eating turkey,
  And they had no time to spare.
So again for home he started,
  As he murmured with a sigh:
"Guess I'd better 'smile and hustle,'
  Only *one month more* to try."

(November retires.)

LAURA. I just imagined that Thanksgiving would stand in the way of Santa's visit in November.

OLIVE *(impulsively)*. So did I. But, oh, goody! goody! here we are at last to the right month!

BULAH. Yes, but think of all those other months and the disappointments poor Santa had. I have learned a lesson in *patience* from hearing about him.

LAURA. I have learned something, too, and hereafter, come what may, I'll "try, try again."

OLIVE. I've learned to love dear old Santa more than ever, and I'm just dead to see him. *(Turning to Laura.)* Do please hurry, Laura, and blow that horn. I just can't wait till December comes and tells us its story. *(Laura blows, and December enters.)*

DECEMBER—

[1]Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
That's my message everywhere,
For I bring the good old Santa
On his visits through the air.
And no wonder I'm so happy,
Everybody smiles on me,
And I just reflect the grimace—
Quite an idea, don't you see?
Well, I'm sure it's nice to be here
From my home so far away,
And I'm very glad to tell you
How I "landed" Christmas Day.
Kriss was weary from the trials
He had made in months before,
But he very soon decided
He would try it *just once more.*
So he said to Mrs. Kringle:
"I have made a big mistake,
For I've always called on youngsters
When they chanced to be awake.
Now I'm going just at midnight,
While the whole earth is asleep,
And I'll leave each one a present
When into the homes I creep."
Madam thought that quite an idea,
So she helped in every way;

Brought his furs and gloves and muffler,
Even helped to pack the sleigh.
Then, when everything was ready,
And the stars were shining bright,
Santa started on his journey
On a cold December night.
[2]Over mountains, through the valleys
Went the reindeer o'er the snow,
Then high up on every housetop
Good old Santa Claus did go.
Down the chimneys quickly, softly,
With his presents he would creep;
Thus he scattered joy and gladness
While the children were asleep.
So I watched these strange proceedings,
And I thought, "That's not half bad,"
So I didn't interrupt him—
[3]Little maids, are you not glad?
[4]Well, he went home tired and weary,
But he'd scattered so much cheer,
And it gave him so much pleasure
That he comes back every year.
[5]And we're always glad to see him,
So let's give three loud hurrahs!
For the peace and joy of Christmas,
And for dear old Santa Claus.

1. Expression and voice cheerful.
2. Expression and voice become thoughtful, as if reflecting.
3. Turns and addresses the girls.
4. Thoughtful attitude.
5. With mirth and spirit.

ALL *(vigorously)*. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hur-ra-ah! *(See suggestions.)*

OLIVE *(promptly, as if in a whisper to Laura)*. Don't you wish the December fairy would have brought Santa with him? Ask him if he won't, please, Laura.

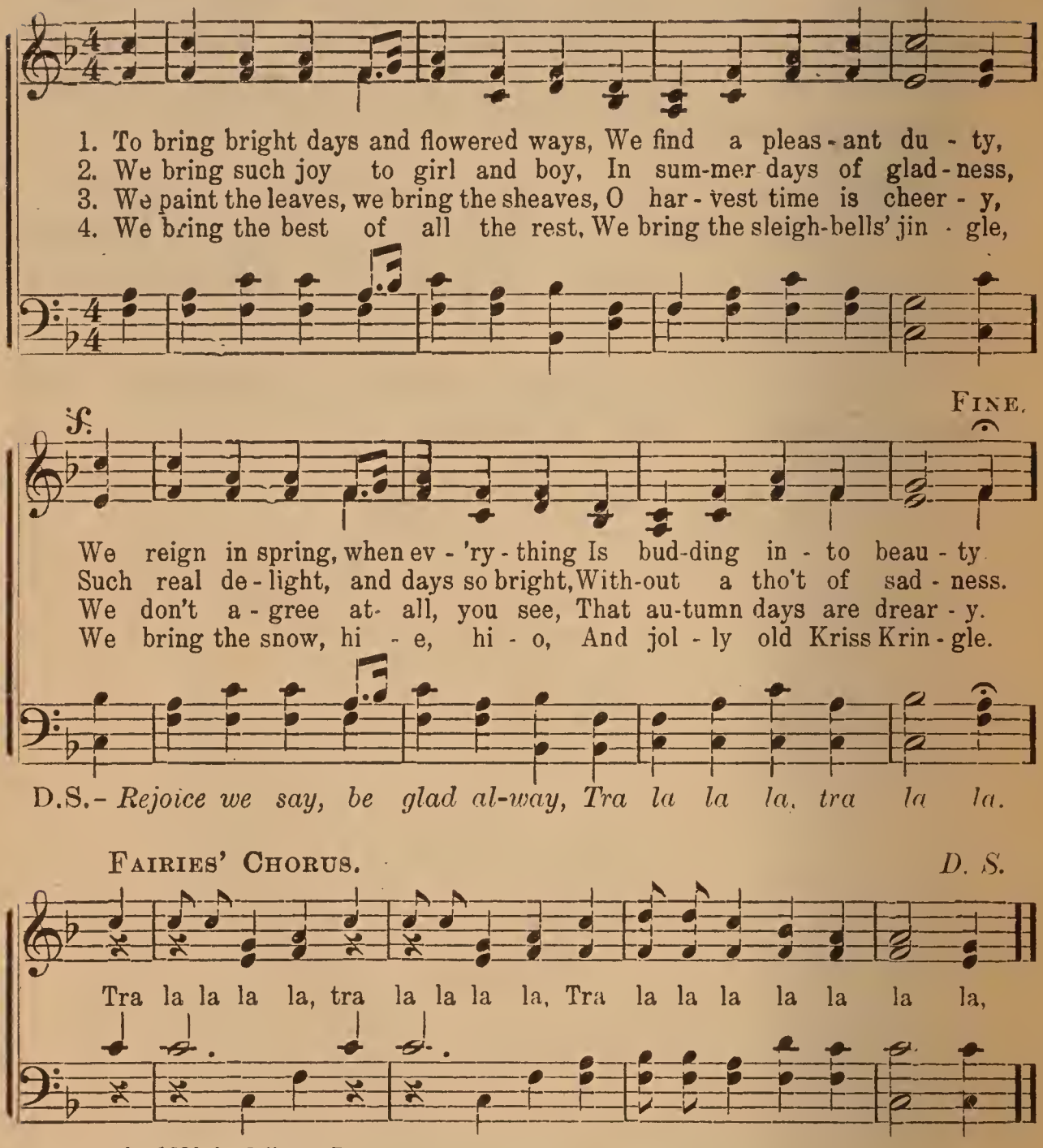
LAURA *(addressing December).* Dear little December, we hate to see you and the other fairies go. Could you not tell us more, or could you not give us a glimpse of Santa before you leave us?

DECEMBER. Well, we can not *tell* you any more, but we will *sing* you something. Santa always loves to hear us sing, and maybe *(with a decided wink)* he will be attracted by the song and join us.

OLIVE *(as fairies arrange themselves for the song).* Oh, goody! goody! I hope he comes.

SONG OF THE SEASONS, or WHAT THEY BRING.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL (See note below.) J. H FILLMORE



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FAIRIE'S CHORUS. (*After 4th stanza.*)

Tra la la la la, tra la la la la,
Tra la la la la la la,
Rejoice we say, be glad to-day,
Here comes our dear Kriss Kringle.

NOTE.—The Month Fairies group together according to the seasons. The three months of Spring advancing to the center sing first stanza, and all the fairies join in the chorus Then the three Summer fairies advance and sing second stanza: the three Autumn fairies sing third stanza, and the three Winter fairies sing the fourth stanza. All the fairies sing the chorus after each verse.

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